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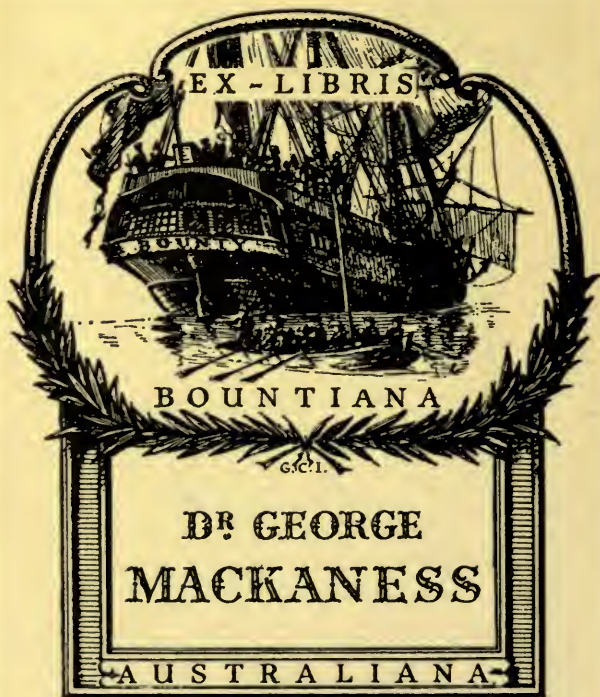
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# “SPLINTERS ON THE WALL,”

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

## “Narranghi Boori,”

(J. S. RYAN.)

With Illustrations by G. W. LAMBERT, FRANK MAHONY,  
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Cover by HARRY J. WESTON.

### AUTHOR'S NOTE.

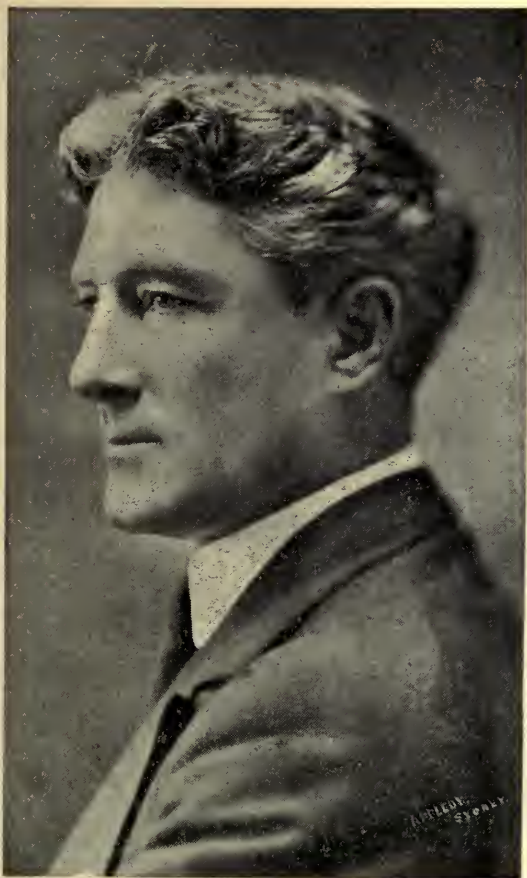
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For permission to reproduce the illustrations I am indebted to the Editors of the Bulletin, Worker and Newsletter.

I dedicate this book to one of Australia's greatest philosophers "Jack Shay" (Steve O'Brien).



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"NARRANGHI BOORI,"  
Photo by Appleby.

(J. S. RYAN).

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# THE SPLINTERS ON THE WALL.

As I lie within my humpy  
 On a bunk that's hard and lumpy,  
 And the wind without is singing  
 Through the splinters on the wall,  
 It is then that gloom or gladness  
 Often alternates with madness,  
 Just according to the music of  
 The splinters on the wall.

To the lonely timber splitter  
 All that's sweet and all that's bitter  
 Are conveyed in certain measures through  
 The splinters on the wall.  
 I'm without a mate who mutters  
 But the slush lamp as it splutters  
 To the sighing and the crying of  
 The splinters on the wall.

And there's nothing more elating,  
 When the tempest is abating,  
 Than the rollick and the frolic  
 Of the splinters on the wall.  
 It recalls forgotten pleasure  
 Of my youthful days of leisure—  
 And the angels whisper softly through  
 The splinters on the wall.

Then the hopes that long have perished,  
 And unfaithful ones I cherished—  
 As the hosts of hell are shrieking through  
 The splinters on the wall!  
 I have sought to be secluded  
 From the world, and was deluded,  
 Till the pulse of all that's human  
 Came a-throbbing at my wall!

You may dodge by calculation  
 Any neighbour's accusation,  
 But not the imprecation of  
 The splinters on the wall!  
 I've escaped the weary worry  
 Of the world that's in a hurry,  
 And I'm working on the Murray  
 With the wedges and the maul.

But still it would be lonely  
 In this silent gully, only  
 For the howling of the demons through  
   The splinters on the wall!  
 Oh, hear that frightful screecher!  
 'Tis a devilish beseecher  
 For the soul of some poor creature  
   Who is just about to fall!

'Tis the voice of human nature after all;  
 'Tis the song of men and women  
   Through the splinters on the wall!

\*            \*            \*

### NECTAR DIVINE.

In posthumous collaboration with Byron:

"Has wine an oblivious power?  
 Can it pluck out the sting from the brain?"  
 I want to be out in a shower  
   When whisky impersonates rain.

I long to be "poddied" with beer;  
 Have brandy on every shelf,  
 To sink every thought that is queer  
   And think all the day of myself.

And think of the friends that are mine,  
 And bury my enemy deep  
 In bowls of oblivious wine,  
   And view him as common and cheap.

Yes, let me expand with a brew,  
 And meanness expel by the pot,  
 To say what I think to be true,  
   And feel I'm a man, if I'm not.

## THE MOCKING OF THE STARS.

I had rather pay the penalty of dreaming  
     through existence!  
 When your sanctified ideals have all suffered  
     deseccration  
 At the hands of ruthless reason in its clamorous  
     consistence,  
 Whether in or out of season, never knowing  
     variation;  
 When your heart is blurred and misted and  
     your soul has ceased persistence,  
 When you've lost your love of living, and  
     your love of earth's creation,  
 And the only god to worship is a god of  
     grim insistence  
 With the name of "calculation" in whose  
     bosom is damnation,  
 There is but one cold soul-comfort which is  
     far, far in the distance—  
 'Tis the starry vault of heaven is your  
     only consolation,  
 When your soul is damned for ever by your  
     reasoning persistence,  
 And your brain is slashed with calculating  
     scars,  
 You will stagger in the night time craving  
     fool-dreams from the distance,  
 And you'll crave in vain to heaven 'neath  
     the mocking of the stars!  
 I had rather pay the penalty of poverty and  
     misery,  
 And suffer all the obloquy of dreaming.

\*            \*            \*

## WITHOUT CALCULATION.

Yes, there is death within the cup;  
 But what is life without a sup  
     Of wine about the place?  
 Robust living life enhances,  
 Never mind about life's chances—  
     Death is sure in any case.

## PUSHES.

Oh! pushes tough, and pushes strong,  
 And pushes that are vicious;  
 Oh! pushes rough, and pushes wrong,  
 And pushes most suspicious.

The push of bowers, aces, kings,  
 Of queens, and tens down-grading—  
 Gregarious, precarious,  
 Hilarious, down-shading.

From pushes, elegant, serene,  
 To pushes coarse and ruffled—  
 It's nearly time the social pack  
 Was vigourously shuffled!

Some woo the churches. some the state,  
 And one is law-embracing;  
 While some "pinch" lead and play "two  
 up,"  
 And others live on racing.

The lot amalgamated con-  
 Stitute a modern nation—  
 From boodlers to the push who live  
 On women's degradation!

But pushless and alone there stand,  
 In truth and beauty glowing,  
 The men of fine ideals, and  
 The men who do the hoeing!

No glory shall he have who solves  
 This tangled social puzzle.  
 For crucifixion's out of date—  
 They'll only use a muzzle!



## THE BOTTLE 'OH.

I met him at his social club—  
 The Royal Bobs Saloon—  
 And his eloquence at once began to flow;  
 He regaled me with his knowledge  
 All the idle afternoon,  
 And I listened to the learned Bottle-O

“Some people judge of character  
 By readin’ of the palm,  
 And some by just a-quizzin’ of the phiz,  
 But to me there is a special  
 Kind of interest and charm  
 To spot the flaws of people through me  
 biz.



“I don’t want no tic-tackin’  
 From the stars or from your eyes,  
 Nor indications from the way you walk.  
 I know the people’s characters—  
 I’ve got each person’s size—  
 For the bottles that they empty simply  
 talk !

“Now ‘here am I a-graftin’ at  
 My rounds of ‘Bottle O,’  
 And the subbub is a-spreadin’ far and  
 wide.  
 There’s ‘whiskies’ here from Such-and-Such,  
 And ‘beers’ from So-and-So,  
 Collected by the servants from inside.

“The beer and whisky bottles  
 Give you very little clue  
 To the human disposition of consumers  
 Because they're like the 'ruck of things,  
 Dead level—strike me blue!  
 A mob that hasn't no distinguished  
 humors.

“But here's a house—a little house  
 Three 'brandies' every week—  
 Supply that don't get thinner nor get  
 thicker;  
 The one old bloke that lives there  
 Keeps his liver all a-shriek,  
 But you'll never, never, never see him  
 'shicker.'



“Now, gin of course is low'ring—  
 Here's four bottles at a gate,  
 And the drinkers of that gin ain't hard  
 to trace;  
 They are two old pinched-up women  
 Who have means, and get up late,  
 And who use 'pearl' preparations for  
 the face.

‘And let me tell you one thing  
 (Leavin' bottles out awhile,  
 And speakin' of the younger she-male  
 section),  
 That booze and love don't reconcile:  
 Though booze will paint a fetchin' smile,  
 It gooses-fleshes any girl's complexion.

"Now here's a heap of bottles,  
 From champagne to lager beer,  
 A-piled in one small yard beside their  
 cases;  
 The girl that trades the empties  
 Has a morning eye unclear—  
 You needn't write it down what that  
 there place is.

"But of all the 'tricks' of houses  
 Where I ever made a call  
 (The evidence is here to suit the  
 notion),  
 Is the "dump" of one old bachelor  
 Who doesn't drink at all,  
 But dyes his hair, and rubs himself  
 with lotion.



"Now here's a little bottle  
 That contained a certain pill;  
 It came from that there artist cove who  
 drew me;  
 And a bottle without label  
 From Your yard gave me a thrill—  
 And I'd never think it of you, neither,  
 Bloom me!

## THE WEALTHY LOWER CLASS.

Whatever be the judgement that adjusts  
 our economics,  
 And whatever be the sentiment that  
 makes our burden light,  
 And whether our emotions be the tragics or  
 the comics,  
 There is one thing pretty certain that this  
 life's a raging fight.

Well, we'll fight it or we'll shirk it, or we'll  
 loaf it, or we'll work it,  
 And we'll hail its gladsome morning or  
 we'll dread its awful night ;  
 If we glory as we live it ; if we mire it or  
 we mirk it,  
 We may seek in vain for peace, because  
 this life's an endless fight !

In gentility we fight it ;  
 In brutality we shirk ;  
 If we blotch it or we light it,  
 We must learn to loaf or work.

In our tenderest emotions all our tragedies  
 exist ;  
 In the purpose of endeavour we are ever  
 children, ever,  
 With our toys in triumph captured, or the  
 prizes we have missed—  
 And the prizes that we capture are our  
 prizes never. never !

Do I hear the slave a-cursing? never slave  
 had curse within him!  
 Do I hear the gentle moaning? well, we'll  
 let that question pass,  
 But my pity for the wretched is reduced  
 unto a minim  
 When I put it near my hatred of the  
 wealthy lower class.

I can face the storm of living  
 With a burnished front of brass ;  
 Still my curses I am giving  
 To the wealthy lower class.

## THE FAILURE.

Yes, I've fought, and failed and fallen,  
 Yet I'll fight and fall again ;  
 Rather than I'd conquer, crawlin',  
 Let me be an outcast, brawlin',  
 Let me be the spurned of men.

Where's the virtue of succeeding  
 If you cannot stand upright ?  
 Where's the luxury of leading  
 With a conscience that is bleeding ?  
 I must fail, but I must fight !

If to win by ruthless measure  
 Is the habit of the brave,  
 Call me coward at your pleasure ;  
 And some day, when I have leisure,  
 I shall fill a failure's grave.

But this one principle has stood  
 My soul's delicious balm—  
 That if I did myself no good  
 I did the State no harm.

\* \* \*

## THE OUTCAST.

I saw him standing in the dock  
 Where I should be ;  
 The sentence gave him ne'er a shock  
 That I could see.  
 I saw him leave the awful dock  
 With dignity ;  
 He smiled to me, that noble rock  
 Of firm fidelity !  
 He took my place and saved our name,  
 And spared an honored house the shame  
 Of my rank villainy !  
 Who'd ever think that man could be  
 Unselfishly so strong ?  
 A miserable outcast he,  
 A fellow who'd "gone wrong."

In ten years time, a ghost alive,  
 The gaunt, grey man appears,—  
 But how can human gratitude  
 Survive so many years ?

## PEGGING AWAY

How brave does it sound when you hear of  
a chap

Who keeps pegging and pegging away;  
He'll land himself safe into luxury's lap  
On the morrow—but this is to-day!  
And I've noticed that now is to-day all the  
time,

And to-morrow is never to-day;  
But to-day is the day that he squanders  
his time

In his weakness for pegging away.

The world is made dull by this pegging  
away.

And you're either the "it" or you're not  
In the "joint" that you started, the very  
first day—

This pegging away is all rot!  
For supposing you take on a task that you  
like,

And you work till your burial day—  
You glory in every blow that you strike;  
Well then don't call it pegging away.

But supposing you do keep on pegging away  
(The plodder's a man without soul).

A thought might occur that will show you  
some day

How to take a short cut to your goal;  
And you'll say "What a silly galoot I have  
been,"

At your labour that might have been play,  
While repute will impart to your manhood  
a sheen

As the chap who kept pegging away.

I hate mediocre far worse than damn bad,  
Be you wrecked and be ruined, or climb,  
But if your endeavour is making you sad,  
Then this pegging away is a crime.  
The dog's brilliant notion to "round up"  
the moon

Is a laughable matter we say;  
Well, the dog will achieve his ambition as  
soon

As the chap who keeps pegging away.



## A WEAK MAN TO A GOOD MAN.

My manifest virtues are fewer than yours,  
And my life is a blanky sight bluer than  
yours;

I'll take an oath strong  
That both lives are wrong,  
But mine has a sweeter allure than yours.

If mine be a trifle less pure than yours,  
Less stodgily stiff and demure than yours,

I'll take an oath strong  
That both lives are wrong,  
But mine is a life that is tru'r than yours.

\* \* \*

## A BRASS-HAIRED GIRL.

Oh, tell me, you girl with the howling head,  
And do tell me truly, I pray,  
All that you saw, and you heard, and you said  
As you battled around to-day.

"Well, I saw an old Johnnie look round a bit  
His eye was ablaze and a-bound a bit,  
But somehow he didn't look sound a bit,  
And so I went my way.

"Then I heard a young man as I strayed  
awhile,  
Breathe into the ear of a maid awhile,  
The sweet worded trap he had laid awhile  
To lure the maid astray.

"And I said that the maiden was just myself,  
Before I went out on the 'bust' myself,  
For just as I thought I could trust myself  
I slipped!—and so good day!"

Nay, hear me further, you injured one  
With the hair of brass and the heart of  
ice,

Had you ne'er a victim—a mother's son,  
Who loved you in vain at a terrible price?

"There was a young man and he sighed a lot,  
As he wanted me for his bride a lot,  
Which merely incited my pride a lot,  
And so I let him slide."

"He flattered me then with a tear or two,  
Consoling himself with a beer or two;  
He drank like a fish for a year or two  
And then the fool, he—died!"

# THAT WHICH ISN'T IS.

A kindness is a weakness,  
 So a weakness is a strength;  
 And noble patience is decried  
 As laziness at length,  
 Base Stubbornness shall oft usurp  
 What Firmness claims as his—  
 For everything that is is not,  
 And that which isn't is.

A lot is but a little,  
 And a little is a lot—  
 For everything that isn't is,  
 And that which is is not.

How frankness aids concealment,  
 And how blushes cover vice!  
 If you contemplate a nasty thing  
 You're sure to find it nice!  
 You will see that grace is clumsiness  
 And clumsiness is grace,  
 If you burrow into Nature,  
 Far below her mocking face.

'Tis vice that makes the character,  
 'Tis virtue makes the blot—  
 For everything that isn't is,  
 And that which is is not.

We elevate whom we despise,  
 We love those that we hate;  
 Your friends shall slay your character,  
 Your foes shall make you great.  
 Each fleeting smile within it  
 Has a misery that's long;  
 The jaundiced eye sees wrong in right,  
 The clear eye right in wrong.  
 There's but one mighty certainty  
 On which to calculate—  
 The day before to-morrow  
 Is the one that's up to date.

Though isn't isn't isn't,  
 And is is always is—  
 Everything that is is not,  
 And that which isn't is.

## A COLD CALCULATION.

All nature in harmony swelling  
 Is tuned in the pleasantest key,  
 Save man, who is ever rebelling  
 'Gainst man, and man's fierce sophistry.

Some fine social plans have been thought  
 out,  
 Man's sour discontent to reduce,  
 But the noblest scheme ever wrought out  
 Lends cause for the greatest abuse.

The riddles philosophers leave us  
 Can't help us at all on our way;  
 Their ancient thoughts only deceive us—  
 They're misfit ideas to-day.

We are told that mankind never alters,  
 And that is a truthful old saw—  
 We still keep on chafing in halters,  
 And kicking at human-made law.

A code is a fence around Eden,  
 Which can't be got over, 'tis true;  
 A protection for honesty's seedin'—  
 But too many creepers get through!

You'll patch up the chinks? Oh, well try it;  
 It's easy to do it, no doubt,  
 But inside there's sure to be riot  
 When Edenites cannot get out!

Who'd wish to see man a confection  
 Of sweetness, and learning, and grace?  
 The closer he gets to perfection  
 The riper he is to grow base.

But freedom! sweet freedom we've sought  
 for!  
 For freedom in frenzy we call—  
 But freedom that hasn't been fought for  
 Has never been freedom at all.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

People think because I'm leary  
· That I don't know what is love:  
I make things pretty willin'

When I start.

I never tells my "klina"

' She's a little tirtle dove,

But, strike me pink and brindle,

I've a heart.

You should see me in my Sunday.

"Clobber," down at Chowder Bay,

In company with Florrie,

Looking "koosh."

There's a hand of stoush awaiting

For the bloke that dares to say

She aint the shimest "klina"

In the push.

You say I don't know what love is

Well, I should think I do;

You ought to see my Florrie's handsome phiz!

I biff her till she's silly

Then I cry until I'm blind—

Well, if that ain't love, I don't know what love is.

When I'm hoarse from yellin' bottle oh!

And business is snide,

Her image is beside me in the cart:

I then go home and whack her

When I'm finished up my "yacker,"

It's the only way to keep a blanky tart.

Oh, bruise me! you should see her

When she's heavin' things about!

I know her little heart to me is true,

She nearly chewed my finger off,

And then I knocked her out!

O, she's my "klina," I'm her "hooty-boo."

You say I don't know what love is—

Well, I should think I do:

You swell blokes seldom know that passion's  
law.

Your "klinas" rarely love you—

Well, you can't expect it much.

For you hardly ever biff' em on the jaw.

TRUST T' JIM.

He made the most of life,  
Trust t' Jim,  
And no amount of strife  
Flustered him;  
He'd cheerfully ignore  
Disasters in galore;  
Let worries howl and roar—  
Trust t' Jim.

A sort of a Gibraltar,  
Lusty Jim,  
No dynamite could alter,  
Trust t' Jim;  
Till a silly little tart  
With a view of being smart,  
Pulled his leg, and fired his heart—  
Busted him!

Now don't you laugh at Jim,  
 Reader smart  
 (He was armoured, more than you on  
 The heart),  
 For if e'er the gutter get you  
 Through calamities that fret you,  
 It's a million quid I'll bet you,  
 It's a Tart!

## THE GALLOP OF LOVE.

Come, gallop with me out beyond the  
horizon,

Where happiness lies on the bosom of  
night,

Where lovers may kiss, and without inter-  
ruption

Of worldly corruption, or banning of  
might.

Where Nature is worshipped in glory and  
splendour,

And all that is tender may flourish un-  
harméd;

Where hearts do not perish in hopeless  
desiring,

And lovers admiring are never alarmed.

Come, gallop with me to the valley of  
pleasure,

Where life can be leisure and women  
be pure;

Where God has a treasure of joy beyond  
measure,

Where men shall be brave, or shall cease  
to endure!

Oh, come from the city of close suffocation,  
Where garish damnation corrodes in the  
soul

To the garden of dreaming, and love ever-  
beaming,

Where Nature's enchantments in melodies  
roll.

Oh, come in the surge of your youth, my  
affinity,

Sweetest divinity, star of my night!

We'll fling to the winds all the love-days  
we languish,

And cling in sweet anguish of swooning  
delight!

My blood is a-riot to seize you, and take  
you

(And never forsake you) where Right is  
the might!

Oh, come while the life in our veins is  
a-rushing.

My beautiful blushing love angel of light!



## STOCKYARD RUINS.



By the stockyard old and falling'  
 Golden butter-cups are smiling,  
 And the bell-lird sounds a prelude  
 To a chorus of delight—  
 Such a twitt'ring and a calling  
 In a harmony beguiling—  
 As the spring displays her splendours  
 To intoxicate my sight.  
 By the stockyard old and falling  
 Is my Love, alone, reclining.  
 As the heavens blend their colors  
 In the mirrors of her eyes;  
 And my name her lips are calling,  
 To my love she is inclining—  
 Now, will some one kindly tell me,  
 Is this Earth or Paradise?

A DREAM OF LOVE.

There's a band up in the skies,  
Cissie, dear,  
In harmonious surprise,  
Cissie, dear,  
Playing dreamy strains entrancing,  
Soothes my soul to soft romancing,  
'Tis the playing of your eyes,  
Cissie, dear,

But the band is in distress,  
Cissie, dear,  
For they stop till they confess,  
Cissie, dear,  
That they all are discontented  
With existences invented,  
Since your lips they cannot press,  
Cissie, dear,  
I am thinking what they miss,  
Cissie, dear,  
But I simply tell them this,  
Cissie, dear,  
That the ceasing of their playing  
Only sets my lips astraying  
Till they meet yours in a kiss,  
Cissie, dear,  
Oh, the music is sublime,  
Cissie, dear,  
Could I put it into rhyme,  
Cissie, dear,  
All the world would cease complaining,  
Cease its striving and its straining,  
And for ever beat its time,  
Cissie, dear,  
In the dreaming of its strain,  
Cissie, dear,  
Is a bliss akin to pain,  
Cissie, dear,  
Will it stay, or will it leave us?  
Will it bless us or deceive us?  
Is my dream of love in vain,  
Cissie, dear,  
Do I worship you in vain,  
Cissie, dear,

## CISSIE'S EYES.

Let other fellows go and sing  
 Of birds, and bees, and bush, and skies;  
 I want to make the rhythm ring  
 With praises of sweet Cissie's eyes.

I want to say no gem of earth  
 Is worthier the name of prize,  
 From Charters Towers around to Perth,  
 Than Cissie of the lovely eyes.

I want to be the fellow who  
 Could push the planets from the skies,  
 To show her just what I could do,  
 And find applause in Cissie's eyes.

I want to take the world, and throw  
 That spheroid fifty ages back,  
 Defying Time, in backwash flow,  
 To wash off my immortal track.

Ambitions would not be a-dearth—  
 With Cissie's eyes my heart's a-whirr—  
 But since I cannot throw the earth  
 I hereby throw myself at her.

\* \* \*

## THE YAWNING GULF.

There's a yawning gulf between a girl and  
 me,  
 And here's the way that yawning comes to  
 be.

A hundred feet above the level of the street,  
 The window of this factory of metric feet  
 Looks out across a gap between two build-  
 ings tall,

The breadth of which is twenty feet from  
 wall to wall.

At the window opposite she sits a-stitching  
 bonnets,

While I am stationed here machining odes  
 and sonnets.

To get a little closer to her smile, sweet  
 smile

I feel inclined to leap the space 'tween pile  
 and pile.

But should this metric missive catch her eye  
 Will she, with downcast eyes of deepest  
 brown

Look sweet on me—or shake her head, and  
 frown?

## A BARGAIN.

God granted him sweet woman's love  
To crown and bless his life,  
And he was happy far above  
All men of earthly strife.

But, wearied soon of love's unrest,  
He begged for fame instead,  
And so God granted that request ;  
And fame and he were wed.

But wondrous be the ways of God  
Who helped his end to gain !  
Fame could not give the balm of love  
That one time soothed his pain.

\* \* \*

## LOVE MUST BE STARVED.

Love must be starved to flourish,  
A plethora debilitates ;  
Be careful how you nourish  
(With nourishment that militates)  
The person that you cherish ;  
With too much kind attention,  
Will a planted passion perish,  
And there's something in convention  
After all.

Will the heat of melting kisses  
Fuse your object of desire  
In a crucible that hisses  
With your passion's molten fire?  
Will you find reciprocation  
To your tenderest appeal?  
Yes, and plural palpitation  
O'er your mystic senses steal—  
All to pall !

\* \* \*

## WHO CARES ?

To sing a song asserting that the city's  
sour and sad,  
Is simply silly sickliness to sow a sorry,  
seed ;  
So give us gay and godly goods of Gar-  
gantuan glad,  
To douche the dumps, and dash the dread  
of dire and doleful deed.

## THE OUTLAWESS.

Oh, eyes of keen desire!  
 Oh, lips with love abloom!  
 How slyly they conspire  
 To set my heart on fire,  
 And drag me to my doom!

Oh, she-ness of your wiles!  
 Oh, he-ness of my heart!  
 The glee-ness of your smiles  
 Our we-ness reconciles,  
 And rapture doth impart!

But do not swear to me  
 To be entirely mine  
 Through life's monotony—  
 For love is always free  
 That swims in eyes like thine!

\* \* \*

## EROTIC RECIPE.

It's all very well for a fellow to sit,  
 And to soulfully sorrow and sigh,  
 With a goo-gooish glamour a-gleam in his  
 gloom  
 And a love-loony light in his eye.  
 But give me the fellow of devil and dash;  
 If his love won't respond let him make  
 her—  
 The fellow who isn't afraid to be rash,  
 Who'll jolly well go up and take her!  
 And here's a straight tip for the man who  
 would wed,  
 When a glance at a girl makes him love  
 her.  
 Address her with words that proclaim you're  
 well bred.  
 But never in language above her.  
 And don't be poetical—girls are not so,  
 Just simply be free and at ease,  
 And never let fanciful thoughts interfere  
 With the genuine warmth of your squeeze.  
 So mention this book when you're next mak-  
 ing love  
 (No household should e'er be without it).  
 And try this advice as its given above  
 And write to me early about it.

## TO ELSA.

When those eyes were put in you,  
     Elsa dear,  
 There was mischief much to do,  
     Elsa dear,  
 For my heart they have encumbered  
 With such lumbered sighs unnumbered—  
 For a week I haven't slumbered,  
     Elsa dear.

\*           \*           \*

Perchance you think me utter-  
     Ly "a sketch!"  
 Would you see me in the gutter  
     All a-stretch?  
 Well, I wouldn't put it past you.  
 Can my pleading long outlast you?  
 For you know I love you, blast you!  
     Little wretch!

\*           \*           \*

## BEAUTY.

They have talked to me often of duty,  
 They have blown in my brain to be wise;  
 But there's nothing before me but beauty  
     That swims in some fair woman's eyes.  
 I'll agree to be faithful to duty,  
     I'll try all I can to be wise,  
 If you'll first of all grant me some beauty  
     With signals of love in her eyes.  
 But I must, yes I must have some beauty  
     Before I can try to be wise;  
 To the devil with wisdom and duty—  
     I'm in search of a sweet pair of eyes!

\*           \*           \*

## DREAM AND REALITY.

I think of you, dearest, all day;  
 I dream of you, darling, all night;  
 I sing of you, sweet, when I may—  
     When editors' livers are right.  
 Oh, you are the moon of my sphere;  
     Each thought you inspire is divine;  
 Each fancy you chasten and clear,  
     My soul's very essence is thine!  
 My dream is so exquisite, dear,  
     No possible clashings can foil it;  
 Except—the one thing that I fear—  
     That you should come near me and  
     spoil it!





### ONE IMPERISHABLE KISS.

Your eyes were flint and mine were steel,  
 One glance our love ignited;  
 A passion we could not conceal  
 Our very souls invited.

From ruder loves one breath of bliss  
 Our better angels glean us—  
 The mem'ry of our first pure kiss,  
 The bound'ry fence between us.

## THE HONOURABLE STOP.

Impulsive souls cannot resist  
 Debauchery of mirth,  
 Whose wanton lips, on being kissed,  
 To hideous woe give birth,  
 Then find out Nature's equipoise  
 Which balances emotion,  
 And stop the stream of rippling joys  
 Before it joins Grief's ocean.

\* \* \*

## THE PENALTY.

The wife sought love, she cared not where,  
 So it was strong and full of fire;  
 The pulseless husband's life of care  
 Had quenched his flickering desire,  
 For he sought power in high estate;  
 His manly strength Ambition beat;  
 He worshipped her, and would be great  
 To lay his laurels at her feet  
 At last he wins position high;  
 The victor's arms his wife enfold;  
 He finds her cold, and wonders why—  
 The other fellow could have told!

\* \* \*

## AGAPANTHUS.

Oh, Agapanthus, flower of love,  
 The blossom God wears on his breast;  
 I worship thee far, far above  
 The images men claim as blest!

And as thy bloom enraptures me,  
 And drugs my soul with perfume sweet;  
 I'm on good terms with God, and he  
 "Sit, Narranghi, at my feet!"

## WHAT MAN WANTS.

First he wants air,  
 And then he wants water ;  
 Then he wants food  
 And somebody's daughter ;  
 For clothes and the rest  
 He'd not bother about  
 If somebody's daughter  
 Would have him without.  
 The food cometh easy,  
 The air and the water—  
 Man's driven to slaving  
 By somebody's daughter.  
 And if he escape  
 From somebody's daughter.  
 Then what is the use  
 Of food, air, and water ?  
 For bitter the food,  
 And poison the water,  
 That man doesn't share  
 With somebody's daughter.

## THE IMPOSSIBILITY.

My love is (could my love be seen)  
 No detonating minx ;  
 She's just about a cross between  
 An angel and a sphinx.

Her soul is not encased in flesh  
 That challenges desire ;  
 Her sweetness is divinely fresh  
 Than goddess-standard higher.

"Your love is not belonging to  
 This weary world," he said ;  
 "I strikes me pretty forcibly  
 Your love is rather dead!"

I answered him with sneering glance,  
 And true poetic scorn,  
 "Gerrouit!" I said, "What blanky rot!  
 Ch.: only not been born!"

## THE GIRLS ON THE BLOCK.

Oh! the girls upon "The Block"  
 Are an artificial flock,  
 Without a sense of anything but frocking;  
 And all practised eyes detect  
 They are not what they affect—  
 Well from them you can't expect cradle  
 rocking.

In their gay transparent gowns,  
 And their smiles like cracked-up frowns,  
 And their imitation dignity absurd;  
 See them gadding round "The Block,"  
 See them dodge, and bump, and knock—  
 Oh! they give my nerves a shock, on my  
 word.

See that girl's patrician air,  
 And her touch-me-never glare—  
 It would do her good to wed a boilermaker.  
 She prefers a sly affaire,  
 With a Lord or millionaire,  
 Or some other bird that's rare, who'll for-  
 sake her;

How they joggle in the throng;  
 Some are weak and some are strong;  
 Diaphanous their culture and apparel.  
 The blindest mortal traces  
 Foreign color in their faces,  
 While some parade the graces of a barrel!

Now, I give these silly skirts  
 Nothing more than their deserts,  
 And I know they'll say I have an awful  
 "gall."  
 For, however they are dressed,  
 May they come and make me blessed,  
 As there's room within my breast for them  
 all.



### WHEN THE PLANK IS DRAWN.

I on the steamer, she upon the pier;  
 A stranger to her, she to me a stranger—  
 My ocular advances brought a sneer,  
 A sign that she anticipated danger.  
 So then I took the hobbles off my eyes,  
 And let them rip to trample an impression,  
 Stampeding o'er her beauty, to surprise,  
 Perchance, some slight reciprocal conces-  
 sion.

But still she froze, until the plank was  
 drawn ;  
 And, as the boat was round the head-  
 land turning,  
 She challenged me with smiles of sweetness  
 born  
 And glances like to something that is  
 burning.

\* \* \*

That's how we rarely kiss whom we desire;  
 Girls keep their love like bow-wows in a  
 manger  
 But give me girls who will return your fire  
 Before the distance puts them out of danger.

## THE IRISHMAN.

The hero of the human race,  
                   The Irishman;  
 His honest enemies embrace  
                   The Irishman;  
 The man to go the swiftest pace,  
 Or suffer with a patient grace,  
 And stare the furies in the face,  
                   The Irishman;

The man of nature infantile,  
                   The Irishman;  
 Where others weep he wears a smile,  
                   The Irishman.  
 He'll march straight on in single file  
 As corpses fall on Celtic pile,  
 So who is he that dares revile  
                   The Irishman ?

Who is the social favoured one?  
                   The Irishman.  
 Who talks the brilliance of the sun?  
                   The Irishman.  
 Who is the leader of all fun?  
 Who'll fight and never, never run,  
 And die, or see the battle won ?  
                   The Irishman.

Who loves, and never lets it pall?  
                   The Irishman;  
 Who drops remarks that never fall?  
                   The Irishman.  
 Why should he not enjoy his brawl,  
 The earth's sole individual?—  
 No two of him alike at all—  
                   The Irishman.

I write this bit of rhyme to praise  
                   The Irishman,  
 Whose heart and brain are both ablaze,  
                   The Irishman;  
 Whose brain no bother can amaze,  
 Whose heart ne'er flinched in evil days,  
 May God expand his race, and ways :  
                   The Irishman !



## ROLL ON.

Roll on Old Time! another fellow urged you  
thus before;

And I repeat it now for fear that you  
Might take it in your head to stop before  
our door,

For no one knows what next you mean  
to do.

Roll On!

You needn't scorch to bust yourself, but  
keep your pace a-jig,

Nor dawdle like a roller on macadam  
To surely crunch the little as you surely  
crunch the big—

You remember you began with Father  
Adam.

Roll On!

Here, get a waggle on you, for you're  
resting on my toe!

Roll on Old Time; you heard what I  
have said;

For your chariot is heavy, and you're  
driving mighty slow—

What? I ought to thank my stars it's  
not my head!

Roll On!

You did some fury-driving in the realms  
of the Tzar,

And your wheels were with the blood  
of Russians' clogged;

But it seems that in Australia there's across  
your track a bar,

Or is it just my fancy that you're bogged?

Roll On!

The ruts you think are many for your  
heavy springless car?

Well, rush across 'em! Hang it, let her  
rip!

Are your nerves so beastly shaky through  
the centuries of jar

That you find yourself afraid to use your  
whip?

Roll On!



Is the danger-chasm yawning as you slowly,  
surely near it?

Then rush it with a risk of sudden smash,  
For it's better far to gallop with the chances  
that you clear it

Than to flounder, faint, and flop in with  
a splash.

Roll On!

So get a move upon you, make this day  
some other date,

And throw away your caution and your  
doubt,

For if you see yourself brought up before  
a magistrate

You'll be fined a quid for loitering about.

Move On!

\* \* \*

#### MISFIT SPRING.

The spring has slipped upon the slide  
Of sloppy winter, with a slump;  
It should have come in with a glide  
Instead of coming with a bump.

I'll dare old Fate and shake him dice,  
Or fight a "nocent waterspout;"  
But can a fellow sing on ice,  
When muses scratch their heads in doubt?

I live where soot and cinders fall,  
And wouldn't know a bud of spring  
From bottled vinegar and gall,  
Or any non-commercial thing.

Amid the sordid traffic's hum  
Men rush about like driven rats;  
The coarse voiced slattern in the slum  
Is screeching at her wayward brats.

But still I know the spring is here  
To shoo my spirit off the fret—  
I learnt it from a poster near:  
"Spring bonnets at—" (This space to let.)

## SPRING IN THE SUBURBS.

The little urchins wrangle  
 With spirit in their squalls,  
 And there's music in the mangle,  
 While the tinware seems to spangle  
 All a-jangle on the walls.

There's sweetness in the snapping  
 Of the father at the kids,  
 And there's softness in the flapping  
 Of the mother's hand a-slapping  
 For faults that she forbids.

The jam-tins gleam and glisten  
 As they linger in the lane;  
 And it's beautiful to listen  
 To the gab of that or this 'un  
 As he tells his ache or pain.

There's gladness in the shutter  
 As it dances in the sun,  
 And the onion in the gutter  
 Seems to say "let's have a flutter!"  
 To the cheerful scrap of bun.

Oh, everything's attractive,  
 And oh, everything's a-cheer;  
 The fleas are getting active—  
 And I know the Spring is here!

\* \* \*

## THE LILT OF A 22 FOOTER.

Oh, the harbor is a-shimmer  
 In the kissing sunbeams' gladness,  
 And the skipper is a sinner  
 With volcanoes in his patter,  
 As he orders us to trim her  
 When the homing run seems madness;  
 For it's drier out than in her,  
 And the dipper is a-clatter.

"Now, then! up aloft a shinner—  
 Damn you! haul the mains'l flatter."  
 And the fin her list makes glimmer in the  
 day!  
 But we skim her in a winner,  
 For the skipper keeps us at her;  
 She's a ripper, clipper—strip her, and  
 hooray!

## WILD GASTRONOMY.

There's ham grease on the moonbeams  
 bright,  
 The cook is agitated;  
 A flock of souls have taken flight  
 Of hens assassinated;  
 The calf has died and gone to pie;  
 (The slaughter axe is gappened).  
 The sausage lifts its voice on high,  
 For Christmas time has happened.

Plum duff bombardments now commence  
 To make surrender sorrow;  
 And see the housewife o'er the fence  
 The cup of dripping borrow.  
 And he who good digestion has  
 Hears music to amuse him—  
 The cawing of the rooster as  
 The kitchen maid pursues him.

The yard presents a gory sight;  
 The air is full of slaughter;  
 The pullet has to die to-night!—  
 The rooster's only daughter!  
 With armour-plated pies a-march  
 Are chain-mail tarts sardonic,  
 While Little Mary's looking "arch"  
 At indigestion chronic.

The poet in his frenzy sees  
 The custard dithyrambic;  
 Hears many mutton melodies  
 In murmurings iambic.  
 The seas'ning bard his muse employs  
 On gorgeous lines in groups. sir—  
 Finds elegies in saveloys  
 And sad, sweet songs in soup, sir.

With fantasies in flounders fried,  
 And triolets in truffles.  
 The shudder legends are supplied  
 The way the jelly shuffles.  
 The strong appeal of hot stuffed veal  
 Will furnish written dreams of it;  
 The hog that's young (without the squeal),  
 Supplying reams and reams of it.

Such things to eat as jumbuck's feet  
 Speak not to classes upper,  
 When late at night at stall in street  
 They make Bohemian supper.  
 So let us lift our minds above  
 Such bourgeois kinds of dishes,  
 And dream of quail and pluvis dove,  
 Of "frost" and other fishes.

How lightly lilts the luscious lark;  
 A verse to pork is cherished;  
 The hen is plucked of feathers stark,  
 All peacefully she perished.  
 How vast and fine and glad the flow  
 Of prog verse—never driblets—  
 Oh, harmony in haricot!  
 Oh, symphony in giblets!

Let dreams æsthetic cease to be  
 In gastronomic diction,  
 (And caviare appears to me  
 A festivated fiction).  
 For bound unto the nation's heart  
 Plum pudding lives forever,  
 By silken bonds no stodgy tart  
 Nor pie can ever sever.

\* \* \*

### O'MAHER KIAMA.

Into the matrimonyal lucky bag  
 You dip; you draw a blank, and then you  
 nag;  
 You wish you had not played the game at  
 ali,  
 But whin you gamble, be prepared to fall.

Suppose you draw a prize, well—what of  
 that?  
 A clockwork monkey soon falls very flat;  
 It's six to four in "ponies" would I plank  
 You'd swap your prize for someone else's  
 blank.

It's aisy now for you to say "What rot!  
 I have a prize and wouldn't change my  
 lot."  
 Of coorse, you have no raison fur to mourn,  
 For you're a blank that someone else has  
 drawn.

## HALF AN AMBITION.

Oh, hand me down half of the stars in the  
 heavens,  
 And leave all the rest of them gummed  
 on the roof,  
 For the Christmas season has come with  
 its leavens,  
 When all of us ought to be after the 'oof;  
 When rhymes should be running, and ring-  
 ing, and rippling,  
 In strains that should strike you and  
 stagger you stark;  
 For credit for Campbell, and Keats, and  
 for Kipling—  
 Well, let us consider them left in the dark.

So hand me the stars in response to my  
 hymning,  
 And don't be afraid that I want them to  
 shine—  
 Their radiance merely I want to be dimm-  
 ing;  
 But let me say, half of the heavens is  
 mine!  
 The earth I have captured in boodle and  
 renty,  
 And so my contempt for it falls into  
 rhyme;  
 I crave to be playing with planets in plenty;  
 Ambition's development! Ain't it sublime?

You've heard me recount with some painful  
 persistence  
 My stories of fighting, of love, and of  
 Greece;  
 The darkest of patches in human existence  
 Are moments of smoodging for honourless  
 peace!  
 But let us not halt in the pace to philo-  
 sophise,  
 (Being profound is a bit of a curse).  
 The man who is blind is afflicted with loss  
 of eyes;  
 He that can see is afflicted with worse!

But hand me the stars in their glory and splendour—

A fifty-per-cent of celestial gift—

I'll squander the lot, and I'll go on a bender,  
And wait till the next fellow gives me  
a lift!

I see that you fancy my greed is suspicious,  
Rewarding my craving with cynical laugh;  
Well, surely, you can't say I'm over  
ambitious,  
For all that I asked for is only a half.

\* \* \*



### THE SHE-TOPUS.

Oh, She-topus beautiful, supple of tentacle,  
Crushing your worshippers all in conventicle;  
Fools are bewitched at the sight of your  
blush—

Why don't they go early avoiding the crush?  
Oh, She-topus, I'm not a man to go rushing;  
But save me a crush or two (2)  
Next time you're Crushing!

## THE NORTH SEA ISLAND NATIVE.

The North Sea Island native has a lion on  
his banner,

For the lion is the symbol of the Briton;  
There is a lot of lion in his nature and his  
manner,

And there's also any quantity of kitten.  
He'll threaten annexation on the slightest  
provocation,

And his daily conversation is on war;  
When his lion's tail is lashing in the face  
of all creation,

You will hear his lion roaring with a  
"haw."

There's a deal of bull about him when there  
is some easy fighting on—

The North Sea Island native he is canny—  
But what is that which stops him when  
a danger he is lighting on?—

The mild and gentle, diplomatic nannie.

When his bull is all a-bellow it is blended  
with the bleating

Of the peaceful little nannie of the Briton;  
When the lion strikes reverses 'tis the  
nannie that is fleeting,

And the angered bull is but a spitting  
kitten.

So here's to Johnnie Nannie, who's for  
fight or for apology,

With Bull and Lion, Nannie Goat and  
Kitten;

And let us not forget, while we admire his  
big zoology,

The mewings and the bleatings of the  
Briton.

\* \* \*

## NERVE WRECKER.

A Sydney tram-car goes with a "whizz,"  
Starts with a moan, and stops with a "fizz,"  
Runs from a shriek to a long-drawn "zizz".

Sydney tram-car,

Jar-car, jam-car,

Crush-car, cram-car,

Shock-car, sham-car—

Oh, what a damn car that car is!



## LAVE GO THE EYE AV ME.

Maginnis and McAfferty were in the corporation—

A pair of dacent aldermen of wealth and reputation,

They were friendly to each other until one fatal night

They had an altercation which resulted in a fight,

McAfferty proposed, he did, that trousers be supplied

To the statues in the park, when Maginnis up and cried

That he thought a coat of whitewash would suit 'em just as well;

Then, after five and twenty rounds,  
We heard Maginnis yell—

“Let go my eye, McAfferty,

It's agin' the law, ye know,

Let go my eye. McAfferty.—

Bad cess to you, let go!

It won't stretch any further;

You'll pull it out—oh, murder!

Let go my eye. McAfferty, let go!”

The Mayor and all the aldermen wor greatly agitated.

But devil a bit if all av 'em could get 'em separated,

They fought in all positions—oh, I thought that I should die—

And all the while McAfferty held Maginnis by the eye.

“Are you opposed to throusters?” said McAfferty.

“Wid anything that'll plaze ye,” said Maginnis, “I'll agree,”

You can dress the statues up wid pants, wid collar, hat and tie.

Wid boots and socks, McAfferty, if you'll let go my eye.

## STRUGGLE FOR INVENTION.

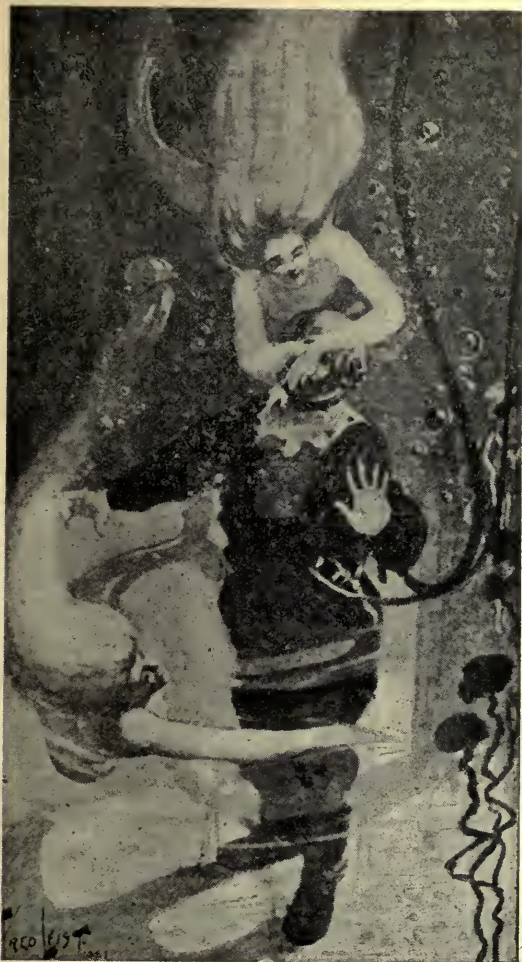
Can anybody tell us if  
 We're likely yet to find  
 The private bar and motor car  
 And pickle jar combined?  
 The ceasing of our sorrows at  
 A friendly fellow's wish,  
 Or moonshine mixed with hurdy-gurdy,  
 Metaphor and fish?

Can anyone imagine, oh!  
 Can anybody say  
 Shall superseded humpty-de-dum  
 Make ethics out of hay?  
 Or shall we see a pocket-knife  
 With corkscrew and the rest—  
 A trip to Manly, phonograph.  
 And plaster for the chest?

The time is fast approaching  
 When by just a button press  
 We'll vote, and pray, and work, and play,  
 And think, and drink, and dress.  
 Then all attractive woman-kind  
 Shall constant ever be—  
 The cuttle-fish by logarithms  
 Shall learn to climb a tree.

When politics and pills and things  
 We'll all be far above;  
 When enemies shall crush us  
 By gentility and love;  
 When labour's done by wind and wave,  
 And when we've learnt to fly,  
 We'll puzzle for the softest  
 And the swiftest way to die.

Can anybody tell us if  
 'It's wise to be a fool,  
 Or whether "notwithstanding"  
 Should be "mostly as a rule?"  
 Does anyone know anything?  
 We cannot tell as yet.  
 But the simple fool's a wiser man  
 Than wisdom's special pet.



### GUESS.

The Diver landed on the reef beneath the  
 sunlit sea,  
 When suddenly was blotted out the light  
 mysteriously,  
 And a voice of simple sweetness in a cadence  
 of caress,  
 With a roguish little quaver and a ripple,  
 whispered "Guess!"  
 The Mermaid peeped into his face; then  
 shrank away in flicks  
 With, "Pardon me! I thought you were a  
 dolphin doing tricks!"

## STRANDED.

He started off from Sydney with the  
 Scramble-out Brigade:  
 The management was genial, but it hardly  
 ever paid.  
 They flitted over gullies, and they flitted out  
 of pubs;  
 They skidded down the mountains, and they  
 scampered through the scrubs.  
 But the road beyond was heavy, over count-  
 less miles of sand—  
 The road from Bullock Blazes to the Never  
 Never land.  
 The man above referred to was a young  
 ambitious chap  
 Who'd never sounded misery, but lolled in  
 pleasure's lap.  
 His future glinted brightly, and his fortune  
 seemed as made  
 As he took his first engagement with the  
 Scramble-out Brigade.  
 Oh, joy of rushing on to say: "No, damn  
 me if you do!"  
 As the villain tells a woman, "Then, by God  
 I'll force you to!"  
 It thrilled him at the Gil-ghi Flat, he  
 glowed at Groggy Creek,  
 But the scene began to pall on him when  
 done six times a week.  
 His artificial fury was a noise, and nothing  
 more,  
 Which couldn't be convincing even down  
 at Bungendore.  
 On reaching Jumping Sandhills, where the  
 Mallee hens are hatched,  
 They paid him with a promise and they told  
 him he was "scratched."  
 A hundred miles from anywhere the Jump-  
 ing Sandhills stand,  
 And on the road to Nowhere, in the Never  
 Never Land.  
 He wasn't only stranded in that distant,  
 barren hell,  
 Through years of patient agony he 'silted  
 up' as well.  
 He started trapping rabbits, as a means  
 of livelihood,  
 And teaching "Little Jim" to kids and  
 cutting billet-wood.

His hair was grey and scanty when he  
 started back to town  
 In the blazing days of summer when the  
 wool was going down,  
 And lighting out to "pad the hoof" across  
 the waste of sand,  
 He cursed the Jumping Sandhills in the  
 Never Never Land.

\* \* \*

### SELL-A-DA-BANAN.

I crass-a da sea from my swit Italee,  
 To great-a big Austrail I coom;  
 I pack-a me trunk, an da org, an da monk-a,  
 Dis Koontry got plenty-a rroom.  
 I get da broke heart from-a shove-a de cart,  
 An no mon, when da music is stop—  
 I get-a so shrunk from da org and da monk-a  
 I take-a da little-a shop.

No more-a da org, an no more-a da monk-a  
 Dis Koontry a vera goud wan—  
 My wife-a by gosh-a  
 She shak-a da squash-a,  
 I sell-a da Fidgee banan.

You pipples say "rollin stuns mak-a no  
 hay;  
 De last-a bird miss-a da grub;"  
 No more-a me yank-a da org all-a day,  
 But I just give da apples a rub.  
 I love-a like angels my swit Italee,  
 An not make-a there-a da "splosh."  
 But Austrail!—Oh, plees-a jist excuse-a me;  
 Mariana? here, serv-a two squash.

No more-a da roll-a da grind-a da play  
 An "rouse"-a da monk-a da cranky all day;  
 No more-a da org an no more-a da monk-a,  
 Dis Koontry a vera goud wan—  
 My wife-a by gosh-a  
 She shake-a da squash-a  
 I sell-a da Fidgee banan.

## SONG OF THE SURFER.

Swish swash, swish swash. in the surf all  
a-tumble,

The breakers arriving with rythmical  
rumble,

The briny a-swilling you

Ozone a-filling you—

Think of the glee of it!

Give me a spree of it!

Green, opalescent and foamy the crest of 'em  
Ocean hath charms, and the breakers the  
best of 'em.

Give me the surf in the summer, swish  
swash.

Swish swash, swish swash—oh, give me a  
swirl of 'em

Cooped in the curl of 'em, feeling the hurl  
of 'em,

Shooting to shore in a frenzied elation  
And knowing there's something worth while  
in Creation.

The sweep of the roller has something that's  
blest of it;

Vigor and vim in the crash of the crest of it.  
Oh, how I long to be there, and abreast  
of it,

Rocking in revelling riot in zest of it,  
Give me the sea in the summer, swish swash

Swish swash, swish swash, 'tis the the briny  
inviting me;

Sydney is blighting me, editors' fighting me,  
creditors biting me.

Give me embracing of rollers a-racing,  
And foamers a-gracing the stretch of the  
beach,

Oh, Manly, ones nerves, on thy shores, get  
a tonic—

'Twould sparkle up life in a corpse that  
is chronic.

Oh, exhilaration of zephyr and comber,  
Ozonic aroma on gleaming sand reach,  
And all that is sordid must vanish in spray.  
Oh, take me to Manly and wash me away..



## SOMEWHERE ELSE.

Of all the places on this earth  
 There's none like Somewhere Else;  
 I love the city of my birth,  
 But not like Somewhere Else.  
 I understand what home is worth,  
 It's palling peace and weary mirth—  
 When local blisses are a dearth,  
 Oh, take me Somewhere Else!

For what do we so often sigh?  
 Alluring Somewhere Else;  
 I've been to Rome and Boggabri,  
 But give me Somewhere Else.  
 From everywhere we seek to fly,  
 A better atmosphere to try,  
 And when we've all gone up on high  
 We'll long for Somewhere Else.

\* \* \*

## THE CURSING COMPETITION.

If you should want bigger  
 Words, fuller of vigour,  
 Than those of young Malachi Hutton,  
 The pride of Blue Dingo  
 For luridest lingo,  
 May I stick in my tracks, you're a glutton.  
 When Blasphemous Sandy  
 Came over to bandy  
 Some words for the belt, and a "cuddy,"  
 His speech was assorted,  
 But (briefly reported)  
 He chiefly resorted to—ruddy!  
 Well, Malachi beat him,  
 And took him to treat him,  
 And wagered to meet him with start the  
 next day;  
 But, alas! in his training,  
 Broke down, overstraining,  
 Which left him complaining in hopeless  
 dismay!  
 This awful affliction  
 Befalling his diction,  
 And switching of fiction to win the pelf  
 with,  
 He raged in dumb blither!  
 The why and the whither?  
 He hadn't a curse left to bless himself with!



# THE BURDEN OF THE AUSTRALIAN POET.

See the poor Pegasus, girth-galled and jaded,  
 too,  
 Coat of a faded hue, hair standing slant-  
 ingly,  
 Seeking encouragement; lame, and with  
 lampas, too—  
 Direst of dampers to singing enchant-  
 ingly.

Tied up to every pub, feeding on paling  
 fence,  
 While there go sailing hence colts to  
 Parnassus up—  
 Gaily they prance in their coats of the  
 glitter style,  
 He sips the bitters while they lap  
 molasses up.

No embrocation to rub his raw wither on—  
 Lets the thing slither on, thinks it not  
 loss any;  
 Spavined, string-halted! his road not the  
 beaten way!  
 Recollect eatin' hay? Think he's Mne-  
 mosyne?

Mile-a-day stages up all he can travel at,  
 Nourished on gravel at places hospitable;  
 Straddled by heavy-weight using a flail on  
 him;  
 Back like a rail on him—hardly as sittable.

Never a pat from the hand of a man at all;  
 Curses, oppressions, affliction and woe!  
 Looking back, seeing all, shocks him to scan  
 it all—  
 Devils did plan it all! On he must go!

Sandflies inciting him, horse fleas are biting  
 him;  
 Hillsiders, sighting him, up and drop clods  
 on him;  
 Slowly he travels, but never obliquely, while,  
 Bearing it meekly, smile all of the gods on  
 him.



Burdened by "Jim" of the moribund narrative,

Odes of comparative hell in topography—  
Never a battlement, casement, or hatchment  
To claim his attachment from dingo—  
wild-dogaphy!

Mighty the obstacles he gets abreast of, eh?  
Seeking the crest of a mountain precipitous

All of them suffer who seek to beguile us,  
though,

Just like Æschylus, Poe, ME, and Euripides.

See the poor Pegasus, lathers of sweat on him

(Ne'er a regret on him), scorning to stop!  
Escaping the branders, clean-skinned he  
meanders,

And dies with the glanders on reaching  
the top!

## MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Now, Venice stands all night and day  
 Right up to here in water, O:  
 But some young fellow swam away  
 With Shylock's only daughter, O.

Old Shylock ran a "mosker plotch"  
 Where any Venice youth, when broke,  
 Could pop his sun-di'l (ancient watch)  
 Or put his Sunday suit in "soak."

One fellow who had pawned his breast,  
 His Christian name Antonio,  
 Said. "Sorry. Shylock; being press'd  
 I cannot pay the loan I owe."

Old Shylock answered, "Then, by gosh,  
 I'll cut the flesh from bone-io,  
 And gratify (and blow the splosh!)  
 The nark I owe Antonio!"

The case was called, and got involved  
 In bleak and black obliquity,  
 And judgement on a "tart" devolved—  
 Strange justice of antiquity!

The pledge is mine! however rash  
 Antonio to risk it, O  
 Old Shylock said, "I want no cash—  
 I want one pound of brisket, O!!!"

They jewed the Jew out of his dues  
 On legal technicality;  
 And argument cannot excuse  
 Antonio's rascality!

A craven he to shirk the bill!  
 Can anybody doubt it, eh?  
 The question is whatever will,  
 Shall, can we do about it, eh?

## HAMLET.

Young Hamlet was a prince insane,  
Who suffered with the "blues" too,  
The sad son of a ruling Dane,  
Who ruled well when he choose to.

His uncle—so they all surmise—  
Got faithful with his mater;  
He'd throw her looks that galvanize—  
With flattery inflate her.

One day (I now forget the date)  
His uncle killed his dad  
With corrosive sublimate,  
Which made young Hamlet madder.

A ghost advised him to procure  
Revenge for this and hurry  
To take a patent bilious cure,  
And clear his mind of worry.

He caught the king upon his knees,  
But did not, for some reason,  
Upon the chance to kill him seize—  
It must have been close season.

But when he did begin to churn,  
Then all the neighbours died;  
The morgue was full before his turn—  
They sat on him outside.

The Coroner of Elsinor  
Was smitten fairly dizzy;  
He said "I never had before  
A day so beastly busy."

One citizen there did remain,  
And on his feet up riz he:  
"Our prince is here among the slain,"  
"Go hon—you don't say—his he?"



## ROMEO AND JULIET.

Miss Capulet met Montague,  
 And heaved some girlish sighs at him;  
 She loved him very deep and true,  
 And made those goo-goo eyes at him.

And he returned her passion strong  
 (Well, who could show surprise at him?)  
 But, oh! how very rash and wrong  
 For her to heave her sighs at him.

Her cousin, Tybalt, out of breath,  
 Went jabbing with his sword at him,  
 But didn't bargain for the death  
 That Romeo accorded him.

The angry Capulets all fussed,  
 And went to work to grieve the clown,  
 And Romeo was given just  
 A day or so to leave the town.

Returned, by Friar's bidding led,  
 He found his girl within a tomb  
 But knew not she was kidding dead  
 Although her cheek was still abloom.

He killed himself so very dead  
 On thinking he was rid o' her,  
 When Juliet woke up and said  
 She'd make the corpse a widower.

The story points, in being true.  
 A social sort of moral:—  
 That through the murdered spoonery two  
 A great advantage did accrue  
 To Capulet and Montague  
 In squashing of their quarrel.

## PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

The pilgrim sate him down and thought  
 (Few questions e'er could muddle him);  
 At pilgrimage he'd delved and wrought,  
 With ne'er a girl to cuddle him.

Now, "Venus and Adonis" he  
 Had read with much velocity;  
 He marvelled that a boy could be  
 Devoid of girl's precocity.

He said, "If wench (Oh, hear me Fate!)  
Should offer me such bonus,  
I swear I would not imitate  
The conduct of Adonis !

"If she said, 'Seek for stars let us  
In fallen logs that hollow be,'  
Think you I'd plead a previous  
Appointment with a wallaby?"

Oh, pilgrim wise, 'neath Cupid's ban  
What boots your love audacious ?  
For woman loves the simple man,  
And rarely the sagacious.

The more men know of womenkind  
The more do women doubt 'em ;  
And women love us more, you'll find,  
The less we know about 'em.

\* \* \*

#### IN DRY COUNTRY.

At the ooze-patch over yonder—  
That's the shanty off the river  
Where the grog is flavoured barb-wire,  
And the water is cement—  
Did he drink, and did he squander  
Till an alcoholic shiver  
Shooting shudders through his liver,  
He subsided somnolent.

Near the ooze-patch over yonder  
Is a grave the cattle trample,  
And the name of him who sleeps there  
Is ne'er mentioned by a soul.  
If, perchance, that way you wander,  
And you're guided by example—  
Well, the only sober citizen  
Was planted in that hole.

□   □   □



## HOW NOBODY WON.

They ran a race at One-eyed-Dog;  
 The prize a ton of spuds;  
 They bet with onions, hay, and grog,  
 They backed 'em with their duds;  
 They wagered cows and calves, and glue,  
 They plunged in butter-milk;  
 The owners were a motley few  
 Who never sported silk.

They started at a hollow tree,  
 And then began the fun;  
 The race was hardly what you'd see  
 At distant Flemington.  
 The rules were very few indeed,  
 But just to save all doubt,  
 The race committee had agreed  
 To scribble these few out.

The course shall be according to  
 The Law of Libel laid,  
 And black pays double that of blue,  
 When loo'd you're not old maid,  
 The spot is barred, the highest deals,  
 A no-ball is a "plute,"  
 The jib-hand settles all appeals,  
 Don't fudge before you shoot.

In playing Hamlet don't run stiff  
 Until the whistle sounds,  
 No smoking in the tramcar if  
 The trumps\*are out of bounds.  
 When burst lead left and cut the deck  
 In football on the ice:  
 You mustn't throw when giving check,  
 Nor dribble with two dice.

They started on next Monday week,  
 They're coming down the straight;  
 "Off side! off side!" hear Duggan shriek,  
 "They've taken all my bait!"  
 "Off side! off side!" young Wilkie cried;  
 "I'm snookered!" yelled O'Hair;  
 "Ah, you've revoked! and that's a wide!"  
 Came whizzing through the air.

The umpire loo'd a horse or two;  
 The owners make a fuss;  
 The bowler didn't chalk his cue,  
 And so he missed the 'bus.  
 The crowd was in a fury  
 As it yelled for "Matadore!"  
 But the verdict of the jury  
 Was, "euchred, leg before!"

The sixteen pip wins in a walk!  
 No, no, great Scott! he's burst;  
 The single sticks are all in balk  
 And cannot get home first—  
 The judge, his main-sail lowered and furled,  
 Then anchored to a log,  
 And no one in the wide, wide world  
 Had won at One-eyed-Dog.

\* \* \*

### COMBANNING.

I like to talk of ancient Greece  
 And other perished nations,  
 Who never seemed to keep the peace  
 With neighboring relations.

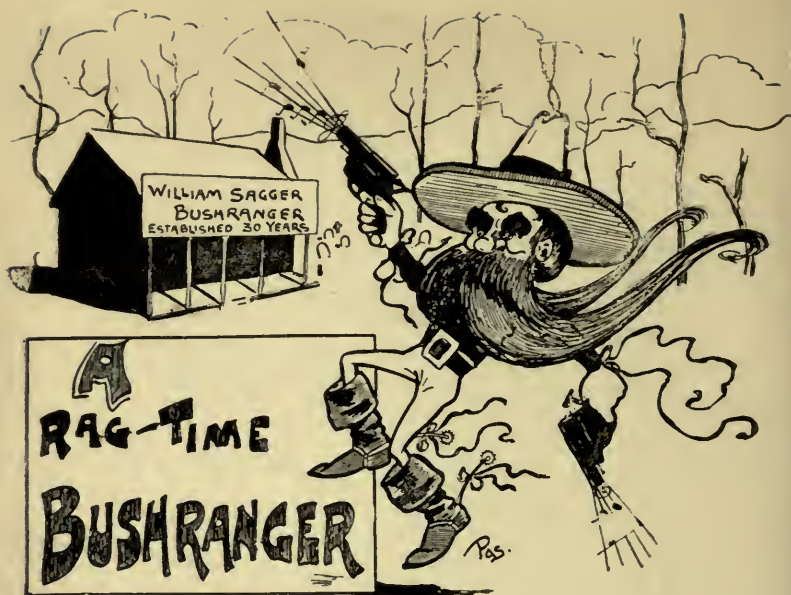
I often think of Florence as  
 A non-commissioned heaven,  
 Wherein the soggy artist has  
 A baking-powder leaven.

On minarets I oft dilate  
 With learned intonation,  
 But let me tell you while you wait,  
 It's only affectation.

My brain is roaming o'er the earth,  
 My eye all places scanning,  
 My soul is with my place of birth,  
 My heart is at Combanning.

No moisture falls, no mountain breath,  
 Thy arid waste is fanning;  
 But still my heart is yours till death,  
 My brave birthplace, Combanning.

Each dreary year grows worse and worse  
 With drought that is unmanning—  
 But how I love thee for thy curse,  
 My desolate Combanning!



Away up Wagga Wagga way  
 There happened once a thing  
 That might have happened anywhere  
 In Summer or in Spring;  
 But let me sorely slog away  
 Before your mind to bring,  
 The woeful thing up Wagga way,  
 In jigger-way, and jogger-way,  
 And anyway, I'll sing.

Should you not like the style of this,  
 Just tell me when to stop.  
 For I can write a mile of this  
 Until the readers drop.

There was a man up Wagga way  
 With pistols got his bread, he did;  
 He lured his victims all astray,  
 And then he killed them dead, he did.  
 And made the roads run red, he did—  
 At least the papers said he did.

He buried them in bog away,  
 And stole like horrid dog away.  
 And slid, and hid,  
 'Tis said he did  
 This monster, way up Wagga way.

He lurked about the silent bush,  
 Till everyone was scared a bit,  
 Because he was a man of push,  
 A trader trading with a woosh;  
 And yet he never cared a bit.  
 But then, of course, he dared a bit.

He'd never feel a pang at all,  
 But just rush out and bang at all  
 With rapid fire revolver, oh;  
 He killed them while he smiled as well  
 (Although perhaps as riled as L),  
 His name was Sagger, styled as well,  
 "Society Dissolver," oh.

The merest circumstance to him,  
 The killing of a chap or two—  
 For villainee of low degree,  
 He'd give the worst a "lap" or two.



"HE KILLED AN ACTOR JUST FOR FUN"

He killed an actor just for fun,  
 A chap who sawed the air about;  
 But wasn't blamed for killing one  
 Whom nobody could care about!  
 He also captured thereabout.  
 A painter painting trees and things,  
 He swung him by the hair about,  
 And killed him. Who could care about  
 An art that doesn't reason things?

His crimes were great and various,  
 His greed for gore grew greedier;  
 He'd murder round precarious—  
 They'd fill (his acts nefarious)  
 A big encyclopedia.

To think of such a creature  
 Well, my very rhythm halts  
 But he'd one redeeming feature,  
 In among a mass of faults  
 He never, never, never hummed the Merry  
 Widow Waltz.

\* \* \*

#### WHEN THE CATTLE BREAK AT NIGHT.

We are camping on the Bulla, and we're  
 settled for the night,  
 And our mob of overlanders, all aslumber,  
 are a sight  
 That soothes the man on watch, who dreams  
 of city private bars,  
 As he keeps his lonely vigil 'neath the  
 distant Western stars,  
 It's the time for soft reflections on the  
 pretty girls in town,  
 And other peaceful musings—  
 That is when the mob is down.

But there comes an evil spirit in this life  
 of never-rest  
 That barter years of misery for moments  
 that are blest,  
 Whose reprisals are calamities, out strip-  
 ping all increase,  
 For a flashlight glimpse of ecstasy, or half  
 a minute's peace;  
 There's a time that strikes the bravest heart  
 and freezes it in fright,  
 As the land begins a-rocking  
 When the cattle break at night!

We are camping on the Bulla, and the night  
 is all a-hush  
 Till the demon fires a bullock, and the  
 cattle ring and crush;  
 As their awful 'growing frenzy, sets the  
 country side a-scare,  
 Fierce bellowings reverberate and crack the  
 very air!  
 And then the mad on-rush with mouths  
 aflashing flakes of white—

Oh, the lid is clean off Hades  
When the cattle break at night!

The night-watch mounts his cuddy, and  
the night-watch gulps his breath,  
And he gallops with the leaders in the flying  
ruck of death,  
Through the crashing in the darkness,  
through the tumult's mighty swell,  
He sees not where he's riding, but he sees  
the rim of hell!  
Roaring thunder! bullocks blunder, falling  
under in their flight—  
But the night-watch gallops with them  
When the cattle break at night!

Yes, the man is with the leaders in the  
darkness, and the roar  
Of clashing hoofs and crashing horns, with  
God knows what in store;  
As their terror-stricken roarings rend the  
night from hill to hill  
The stockhorse knows his business, and the  
man is with them still!  
So, here's to cattle drovers who have got to  
swallow fright,  
And to head the frenzied leaders  
When the cattle break at night!

For the surge of maddened cattle in the  
grim nocturnal flight  
Is a thing to be remembered when the cattle  
break at night;  
If the stock-horse makes a blunder, it's  
good-bye to girls and bars,  
For a mother's son lies mangled 'neath the  
distant Western stars!  
And I tell you City fellows, if your nerves  
want drawing tight,  
Go and join the overlanders  
When the cattle break at night!



## TERRIBLE BAIL-UP.

The boldest bushranger  
 Who ever met danger,  
 And never would throw up his hands,  
 Was "Terrible Bail-up"  
 Who often would sail up  
 And hail up the Mail up at Rand's.

His horse was his mate, or  
 His friend, so no traitor  
 Could "split" of that iron-bark tree  
 Where, the roots of it under  
 He buried his plunder  
 A wonder, by thunder ! was he.

When the 'Blacks' found his tracks  
 They put spurs to their hacks,  
 In another direction to seek,  
 And the mounted-police  
 Sought seclusion and peace  
 In the barracks they'd built up the creek.

His bullets were sure  
 As one and one two are,  
 He was doing good biz. at his trade,  
 And a dreamy-eyed dove,  
 Did he love with a love,  
 That was ninety and nine in the shade.

She called him her "honey"  
 Don't laugh, it's not funny,  
 (Her name was Elizabeth Maud.)  
 But as soon as she read  
 The amount on his head  
 She betrayed him and got the reward.

## PIONEER DIGGERS.

When the surface revealed at the stroke of  
the pick

That the bright yellow treasure abounded,  
The prospectors' pulses beat hard and beat  
quick,

As the prelude of fortune was sounded.

Then venturous spirits from every land,

With blood all afire, came advancing,  
For the pioneer's heart was as stout as his  
hand,

And his brain all aglow with romancing.

The pestle, the mortar, the primitive dish,

The whim, and the whip—now we wonder  
At the up-to-date cage, with its rumble and  
swish,

And the roar of the battery's thunder.

But here's to the diggers who peopled this  
land

In the rugged and desperate past.

The future will honour their history grand,  
While pluck and endurance shall last.

If the years that will come bring us men  
such as they

Then God in our Commonwealth reigns.  
But most of the feather-bed men of to-day  
Turn the wheels of monotonous brains.



## MY MAXIMS.

One good turn deserves another worm.

---

He is a wise man who knows anything—  
and can prove it.

---

Only the deserving are crushed—deserving  
to be.

---

If you do not yell at adversity now and  
then people will think you relish it, and  
wish you joy in it.

---

A hen with four legs might try to run  
both ways at once, but the man with two  
minds will try neither. If the hen should  
fail (if she should, mind you) she cannot  
be said to be an ignoble failure.

---

I do not know which is the worse for  
man, excessive work or excessive drinking.  
If I were asked to take my pick of the  
two evils I would say, "Reader, guess to  
suit yourself, and my opinion will match  
yours."

---

Maxims are sometimes entertaining, but  
mostly misleading.









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